

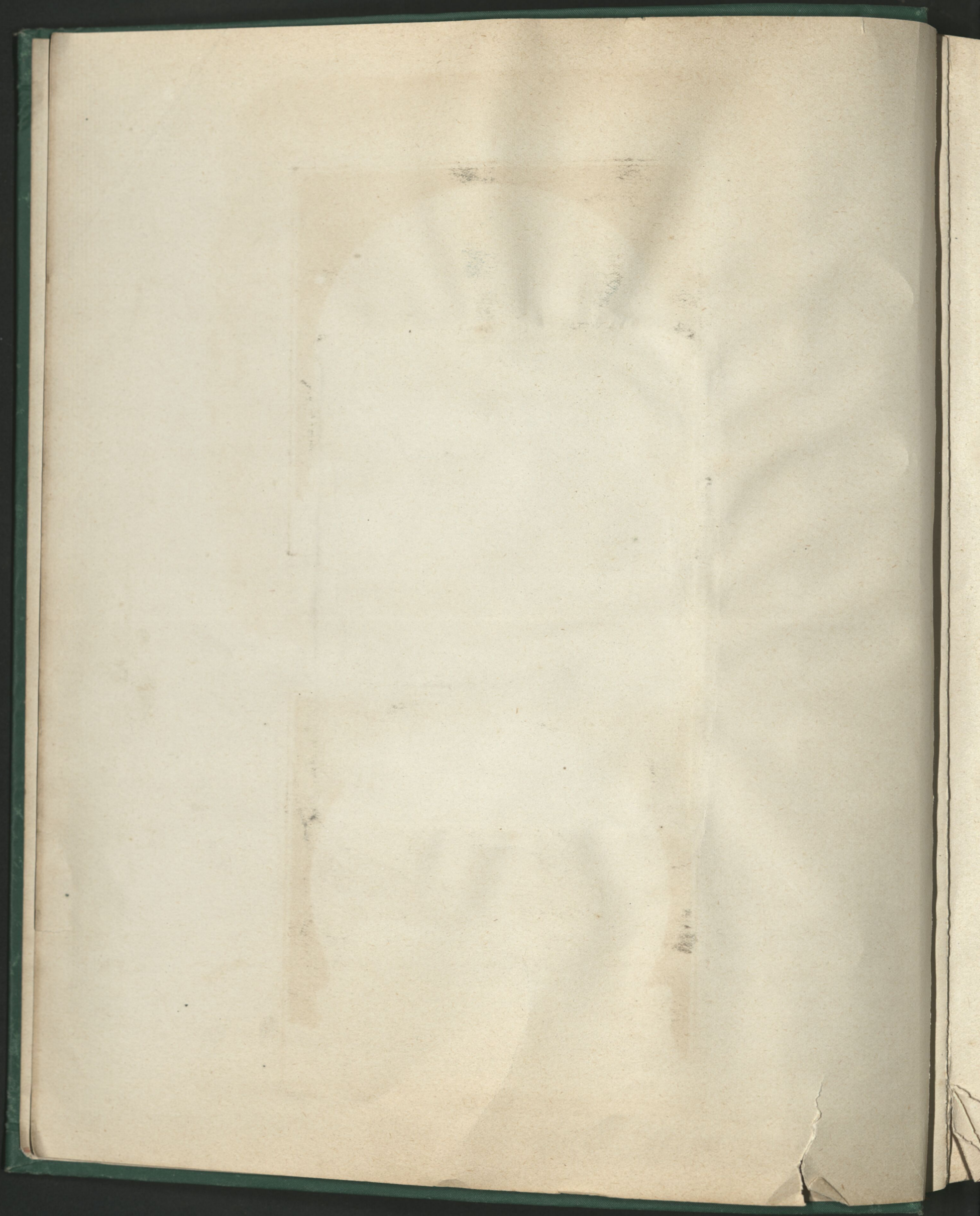


D.T. Kendrick

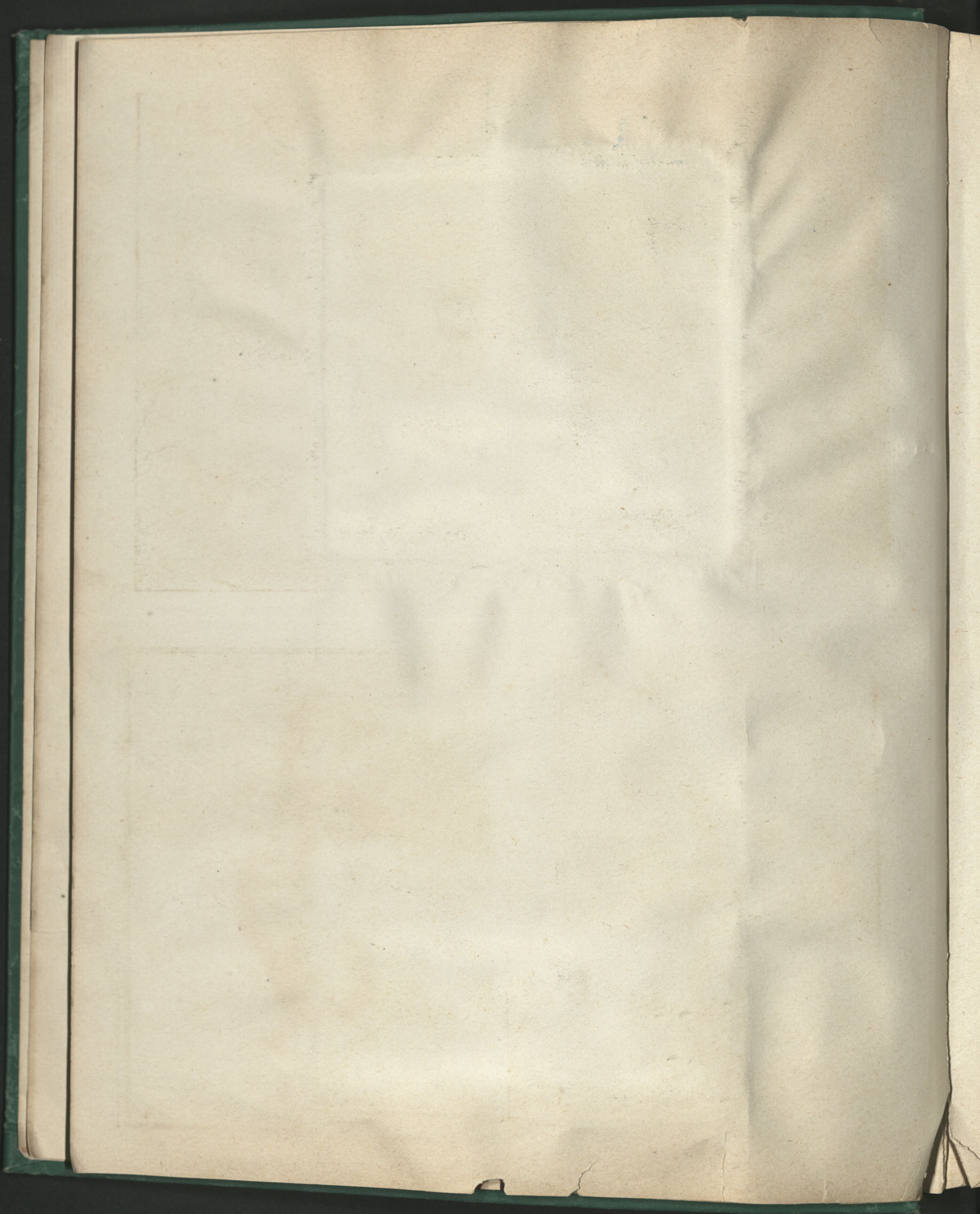
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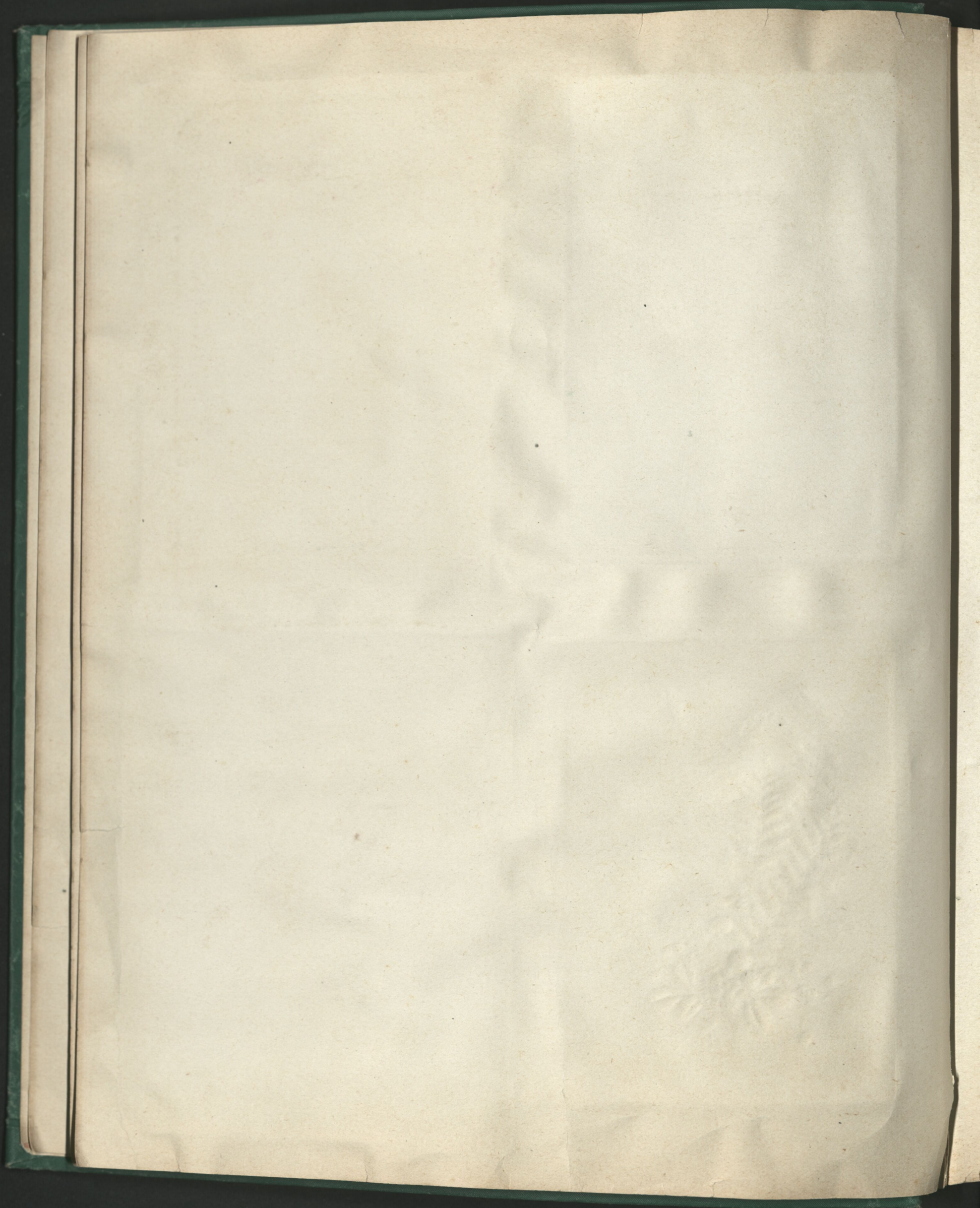


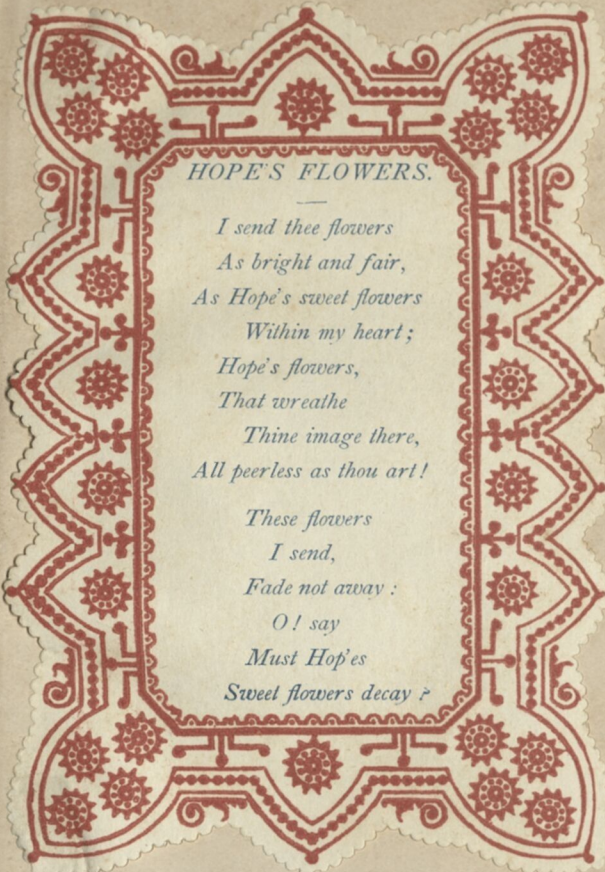












HOPE'S FLOWERS.

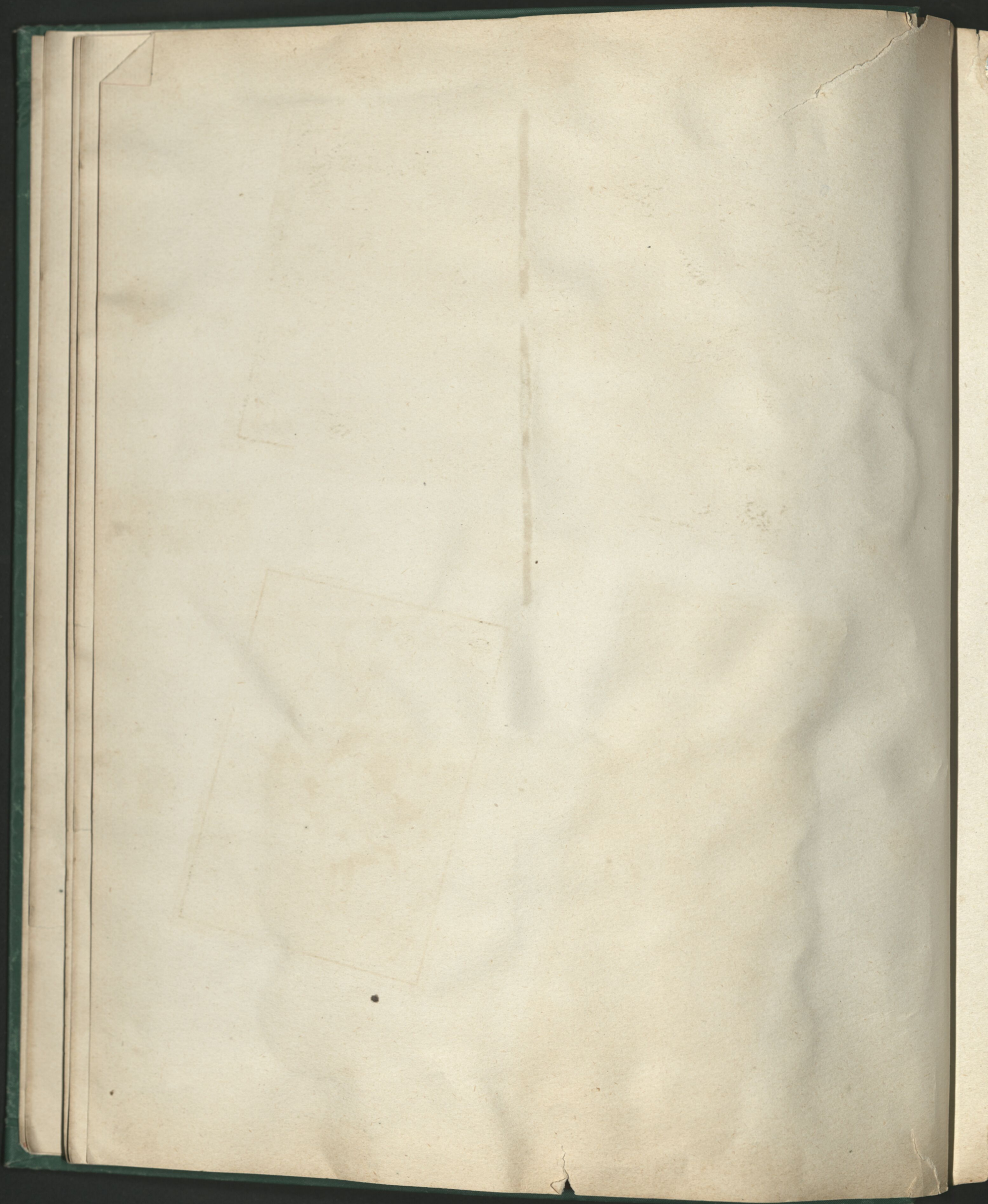
I send thee flowers  
 As bright and fair,  
 As Hope's sweet flowers  
 Within my heart;  
 Hope's flowers,  
 That wreath  
 Thine image there,  
 All peerless as thou art!  
 These flowers  
 I send,  
 Fade not away:  
 O! say  
 Must Hope's  
 Sweet flowers decay?



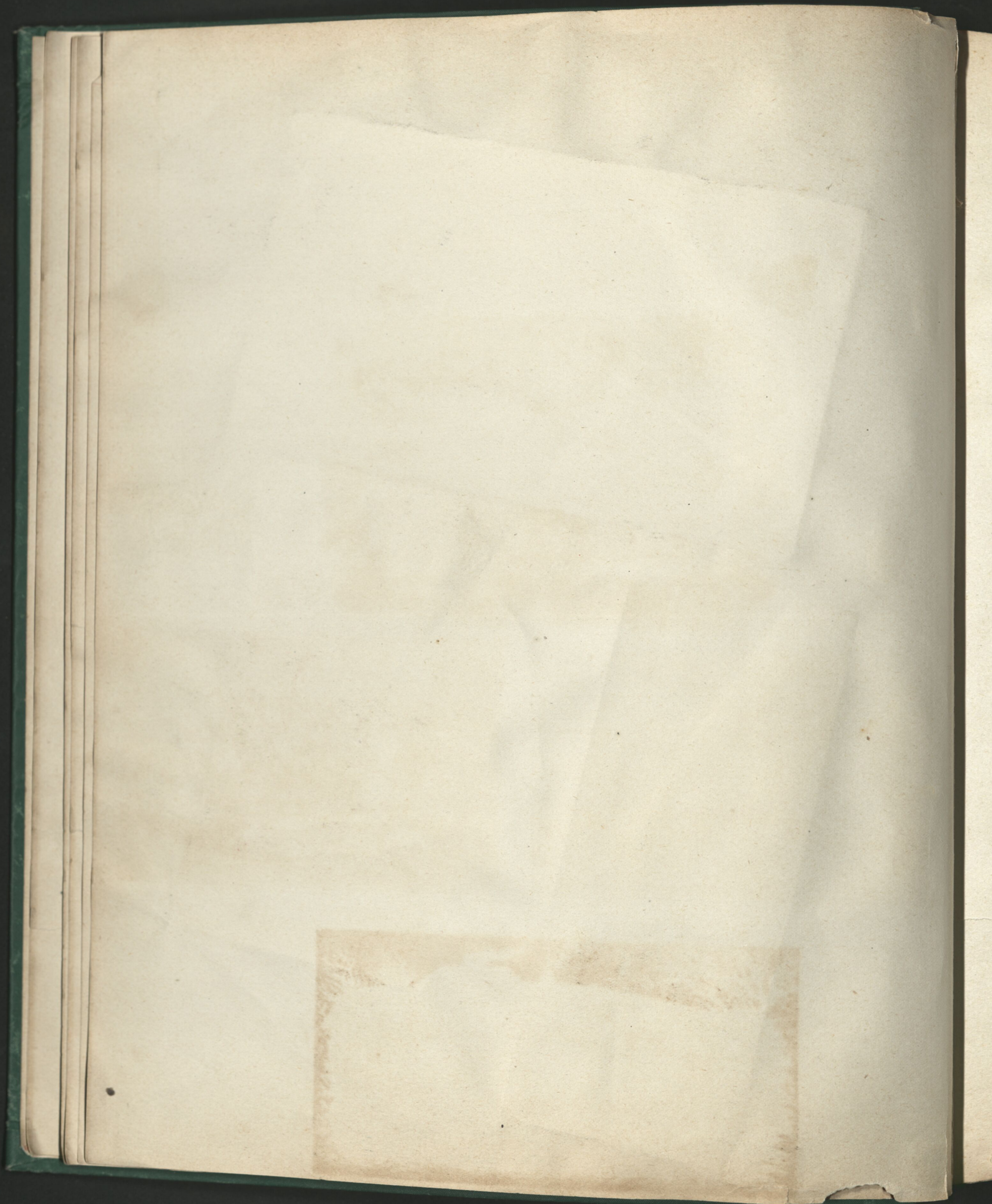
IN the fair Italian land,  
 Not a shadow dims the night,  
 Pure the air and sweet the scene,

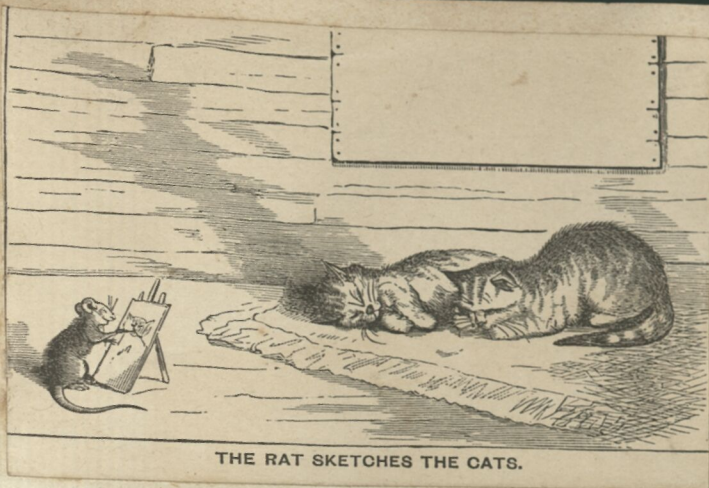


EVER varying, ever bright.  
 But without thee all is drear,  
 Light is darkness, day is night.





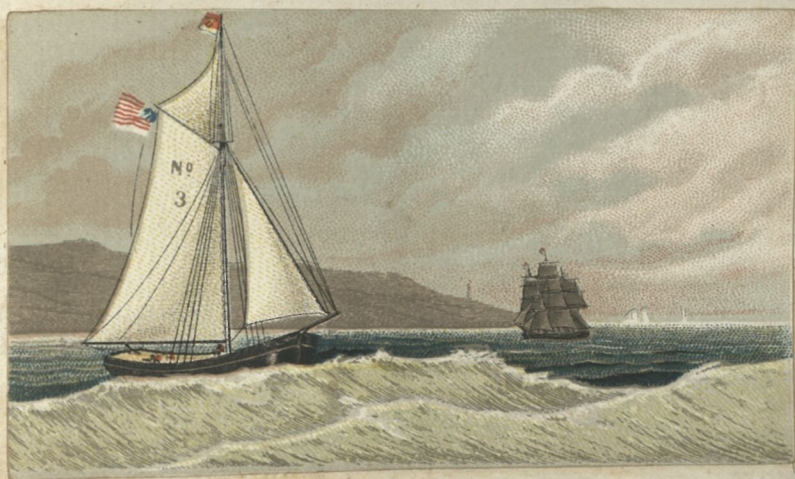


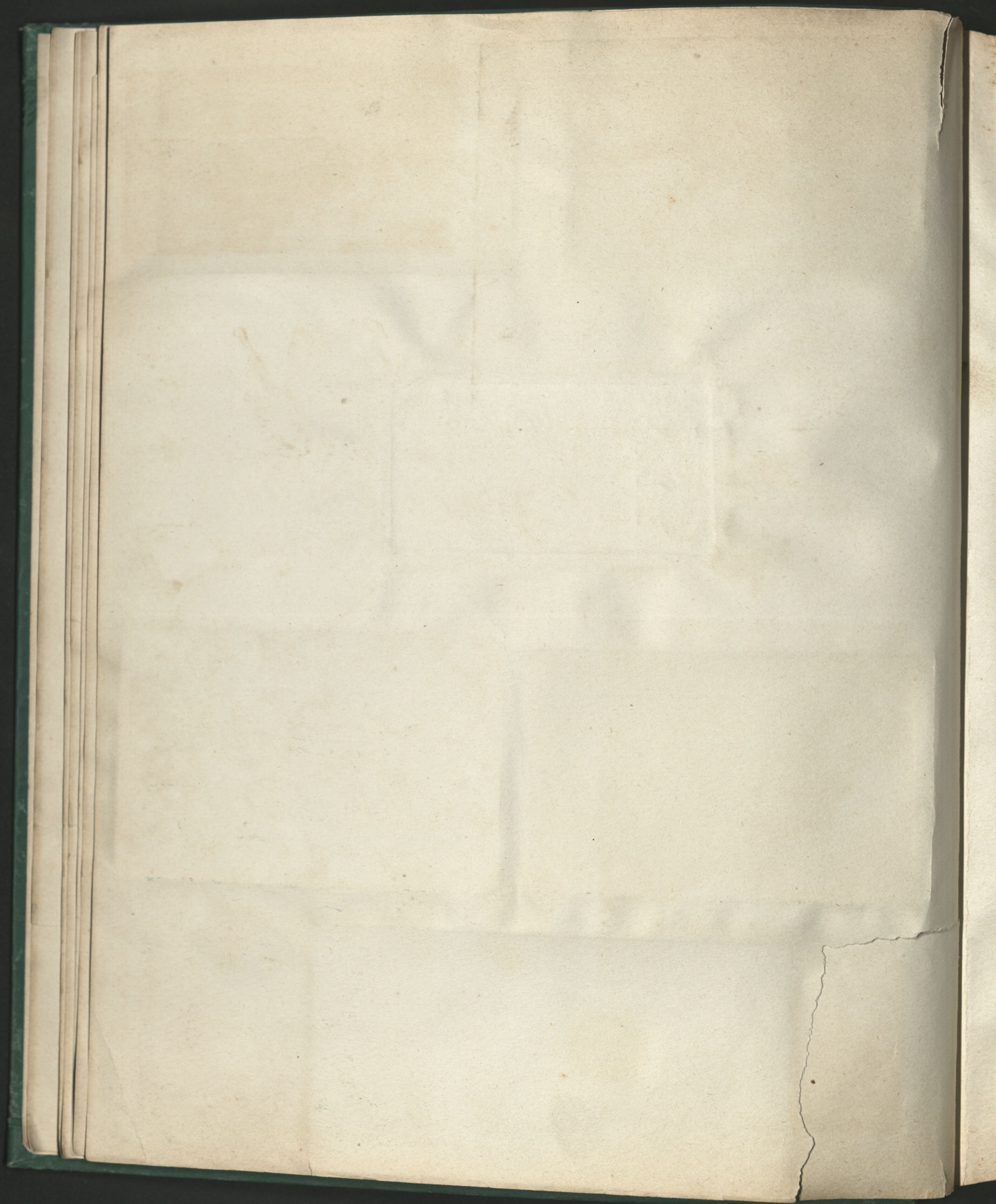


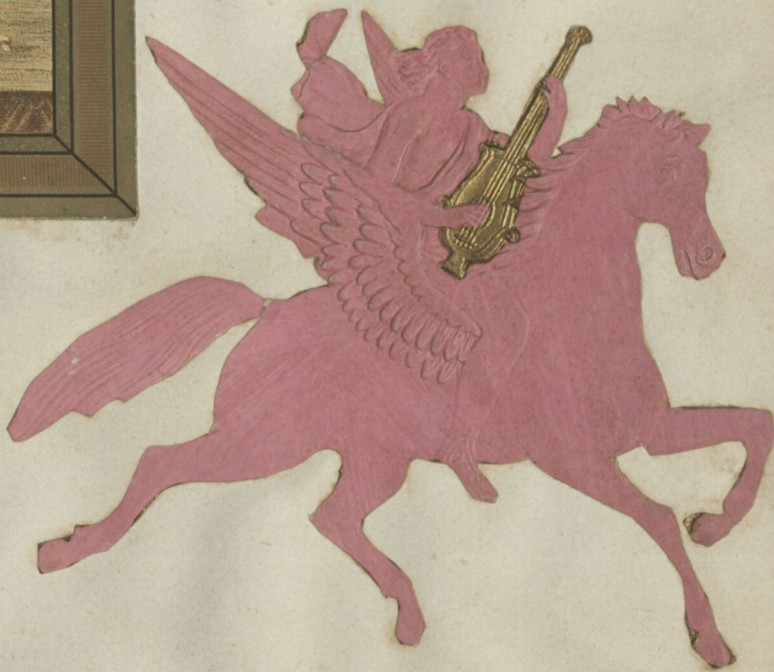
THE RAT SKETCHES THE CATS.

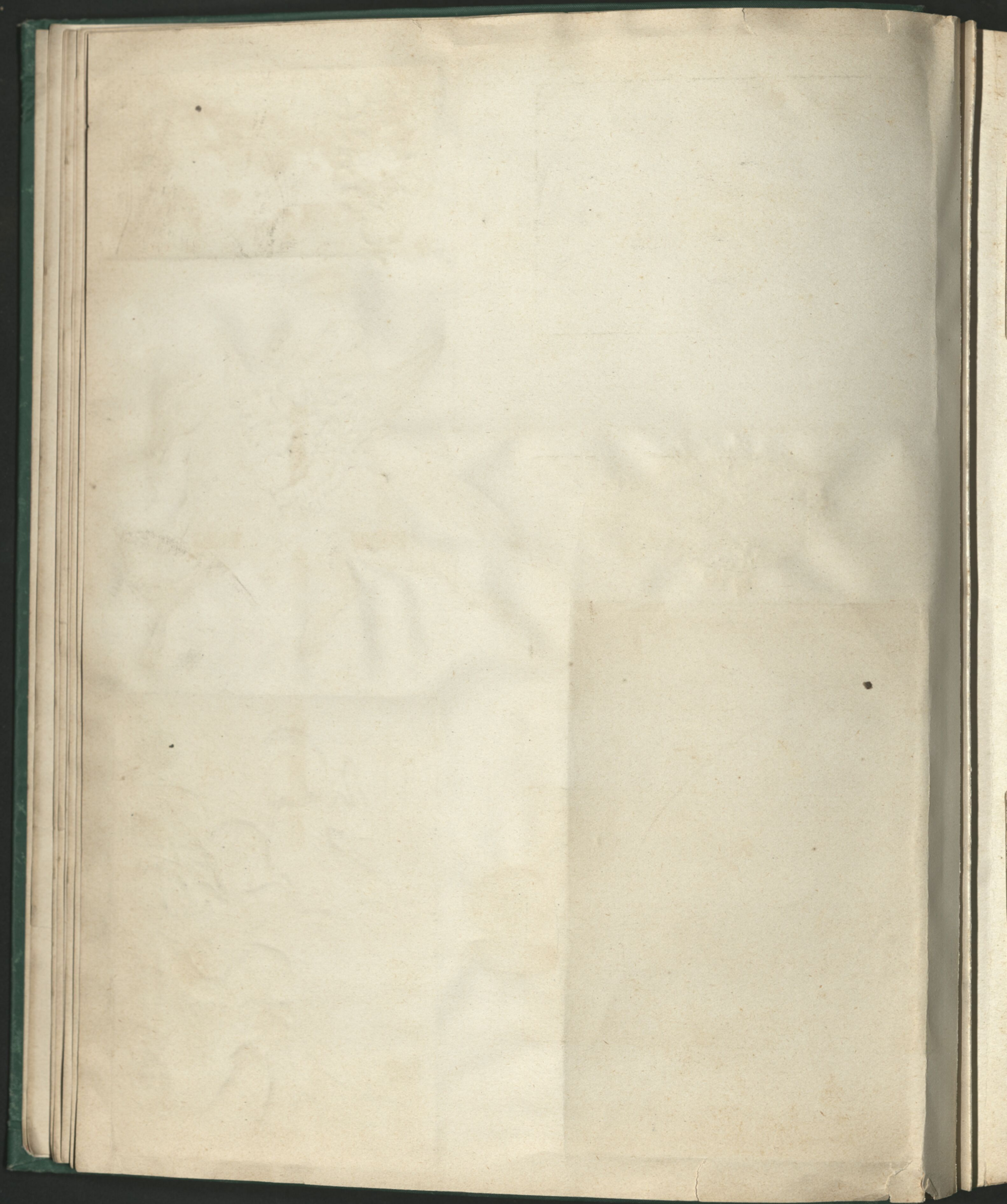


THE CATS CATCH THE RAT.

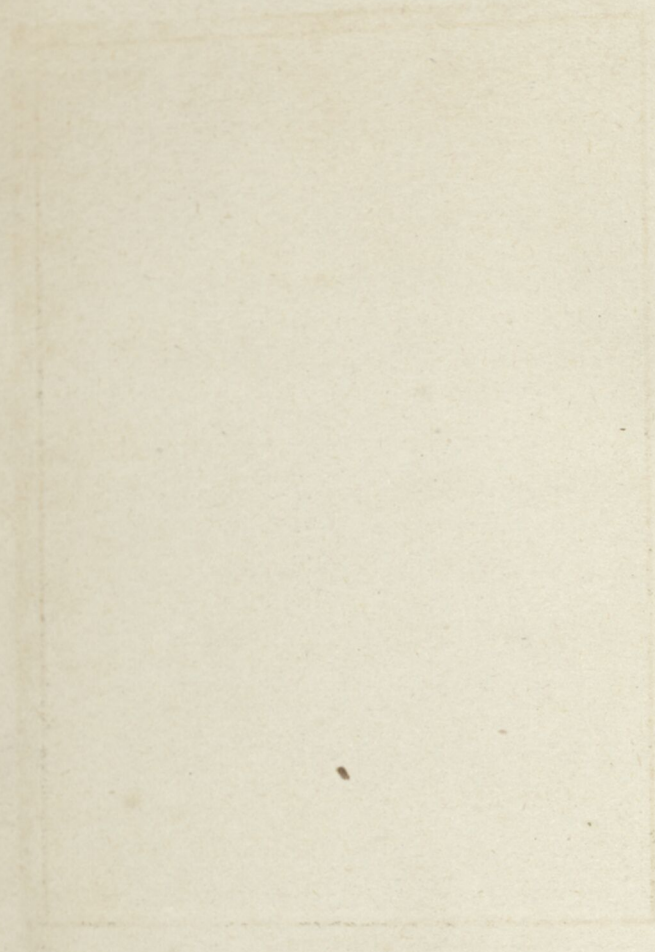




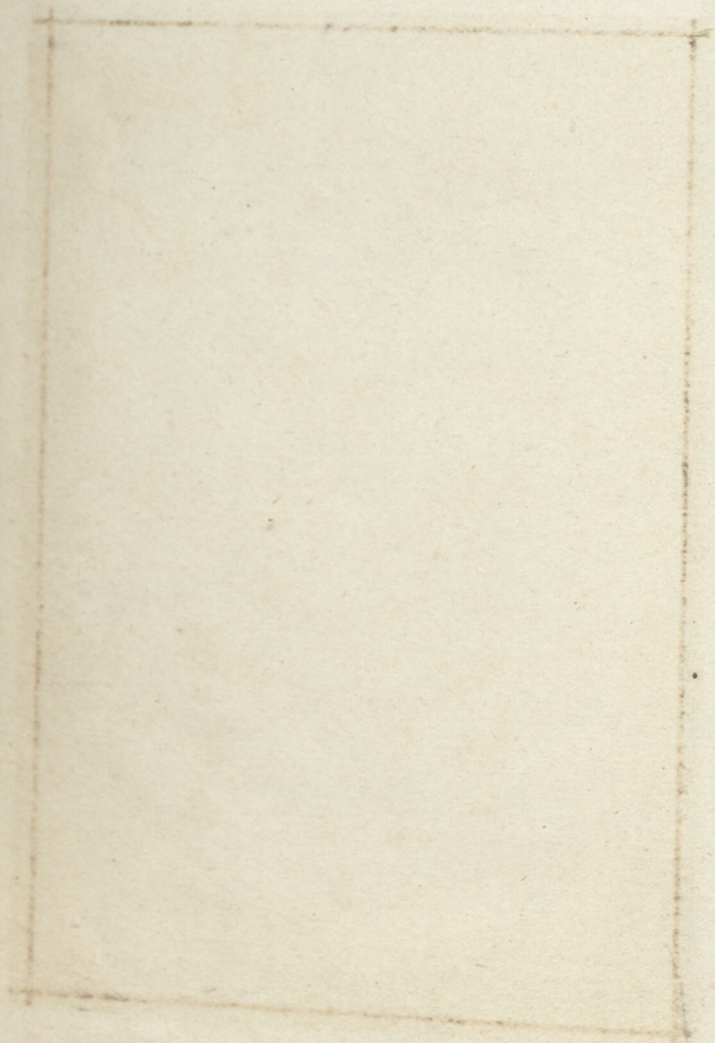








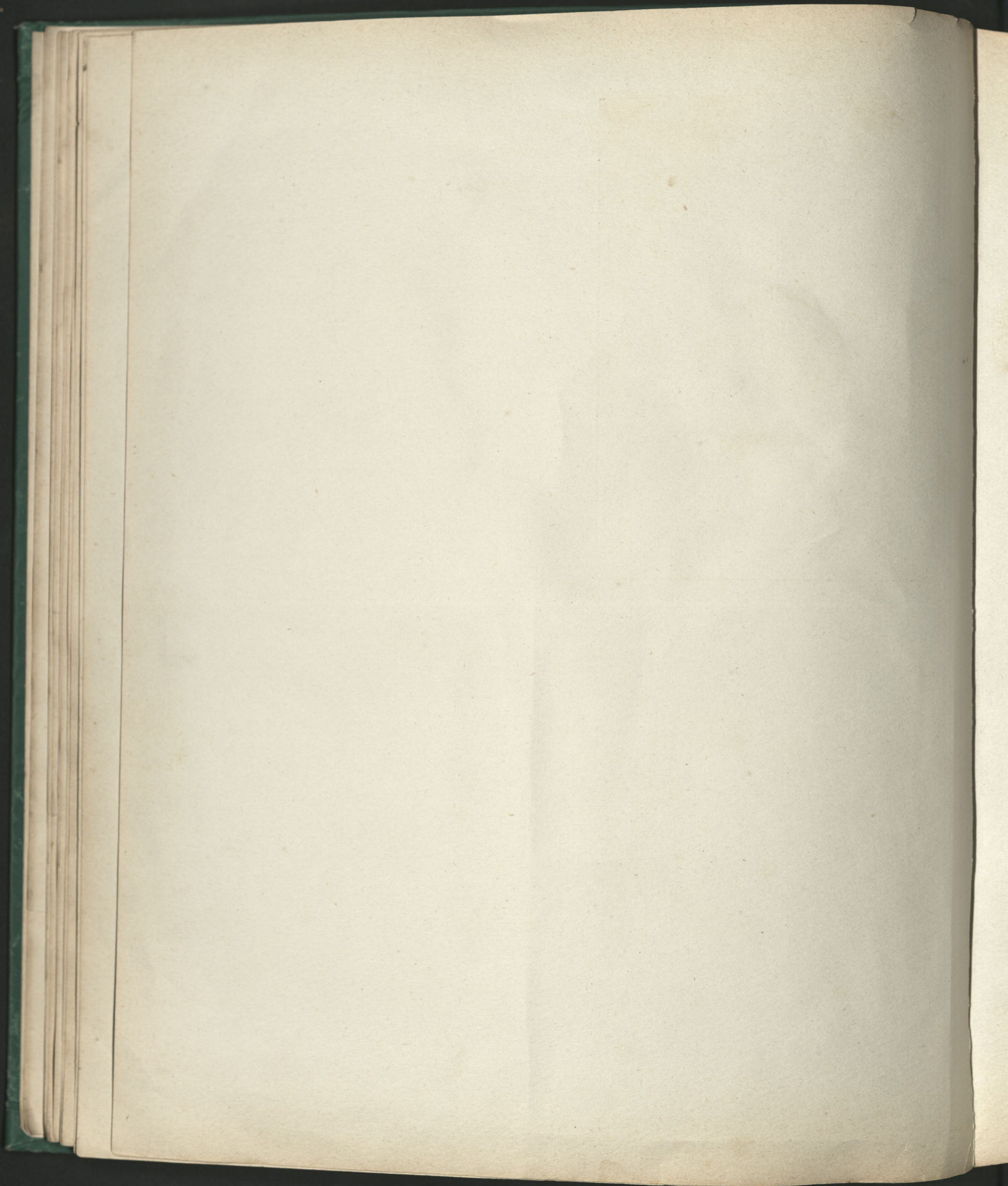




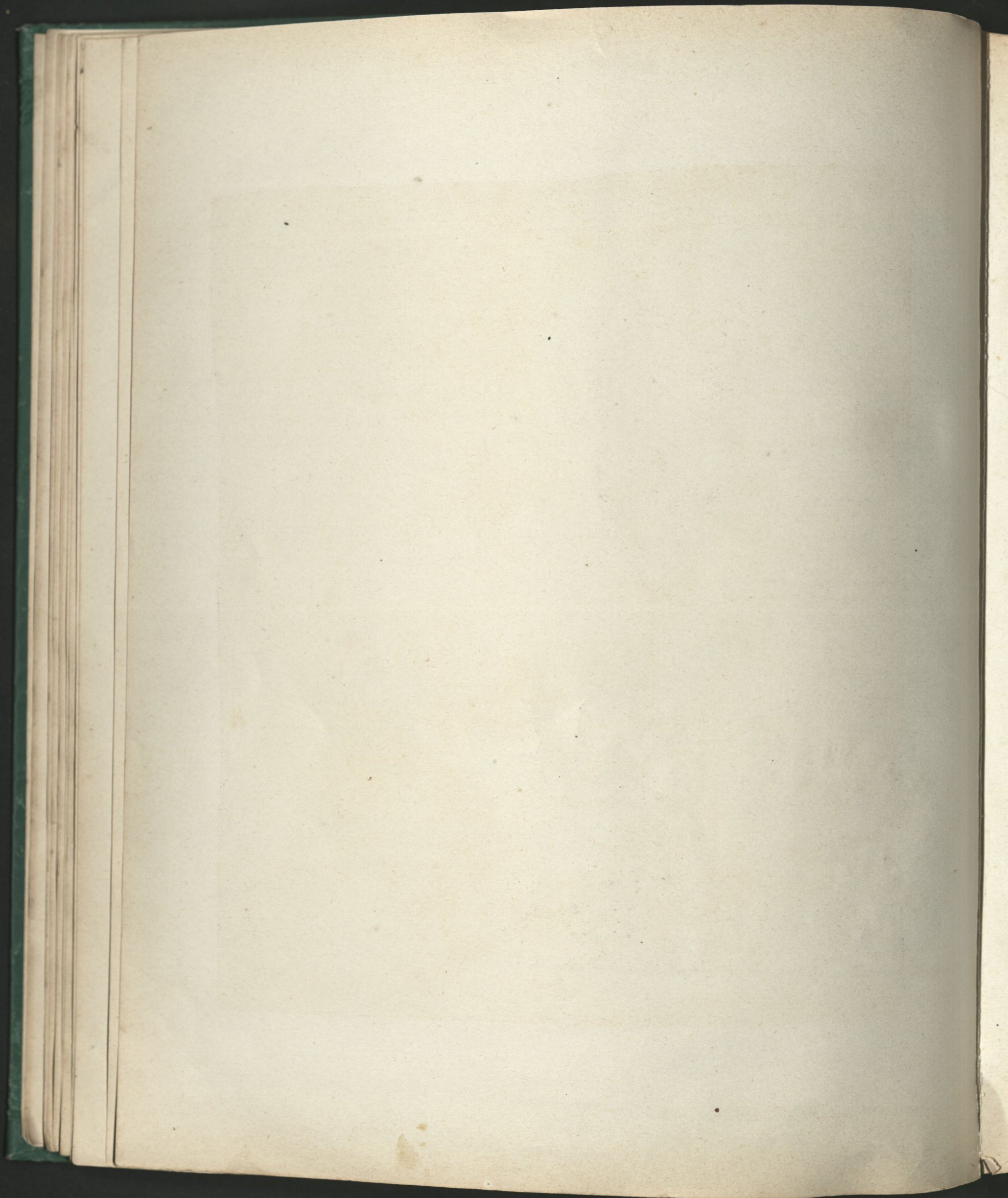


"God bless thee" in the sweetest tones  
 That love can ever know,  
 Is still the richest melody  
 Affection can bestow.

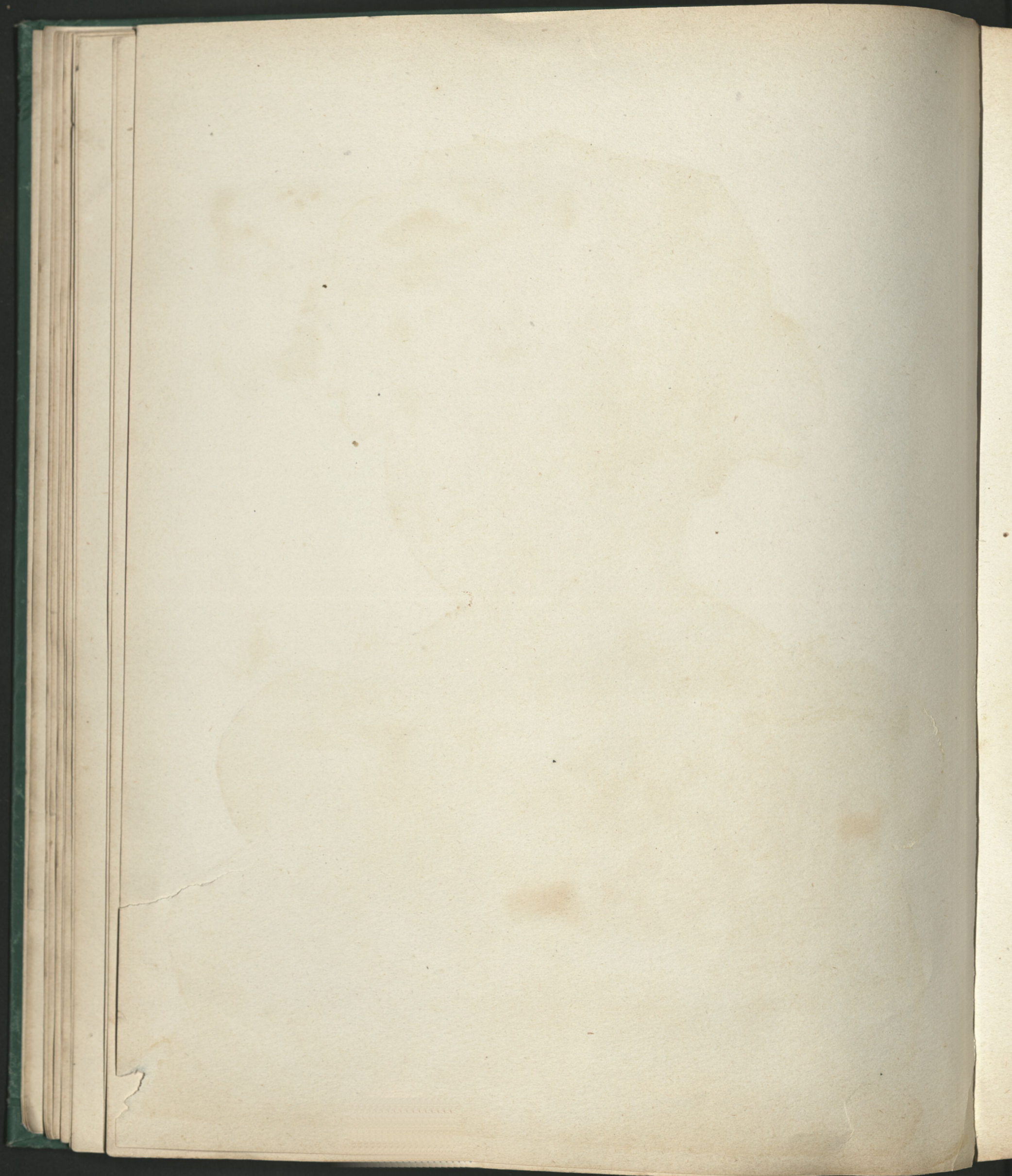




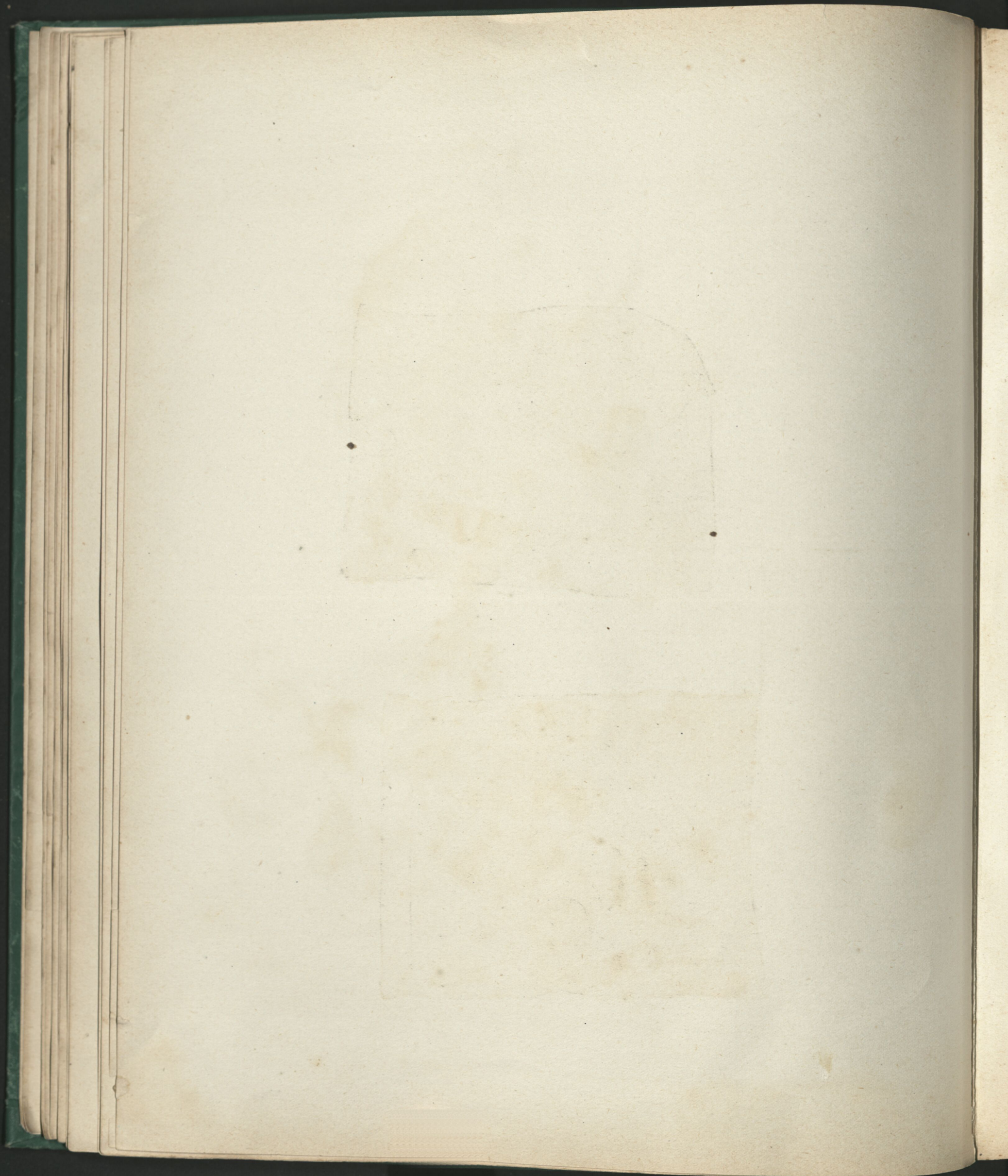








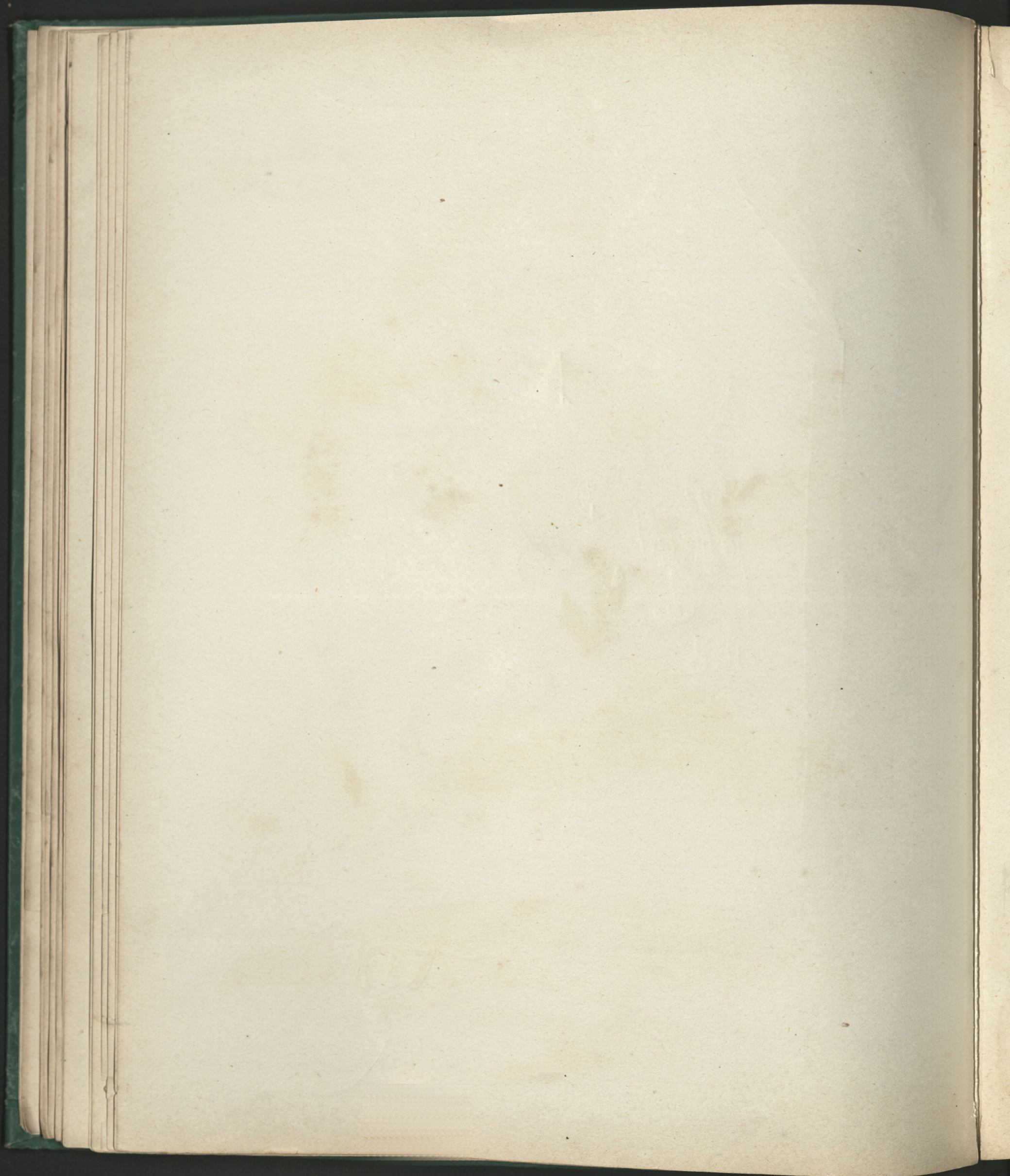




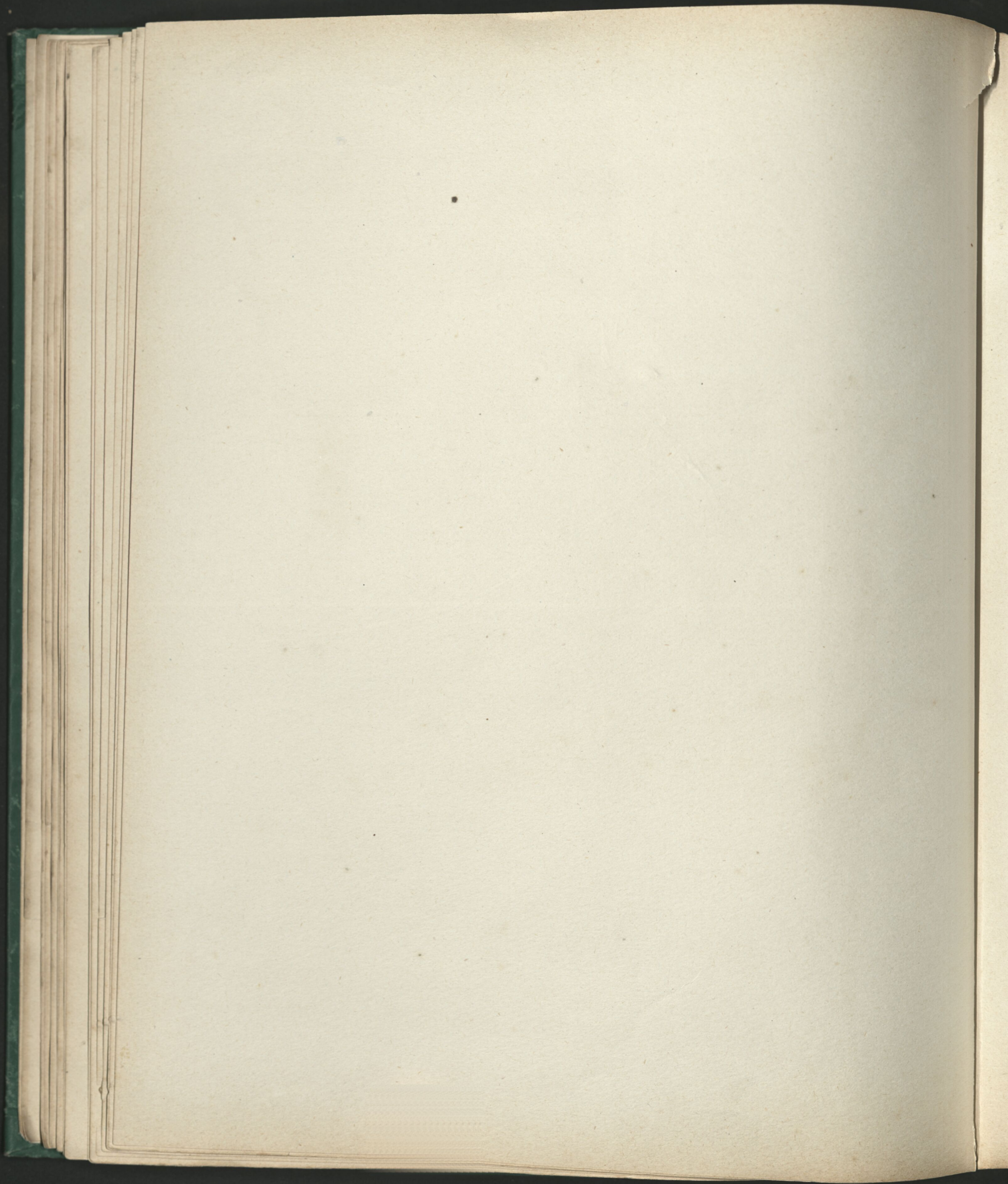


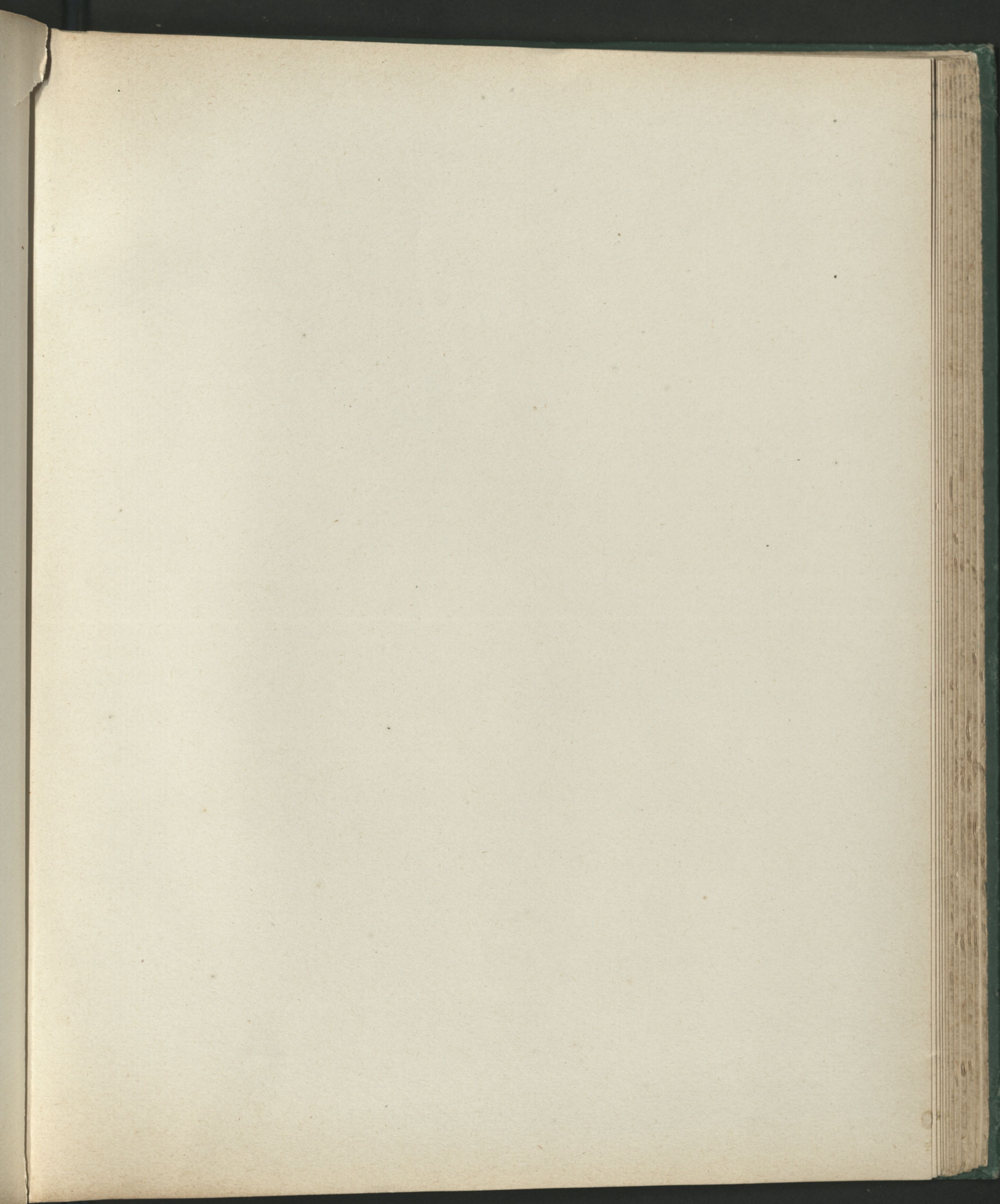
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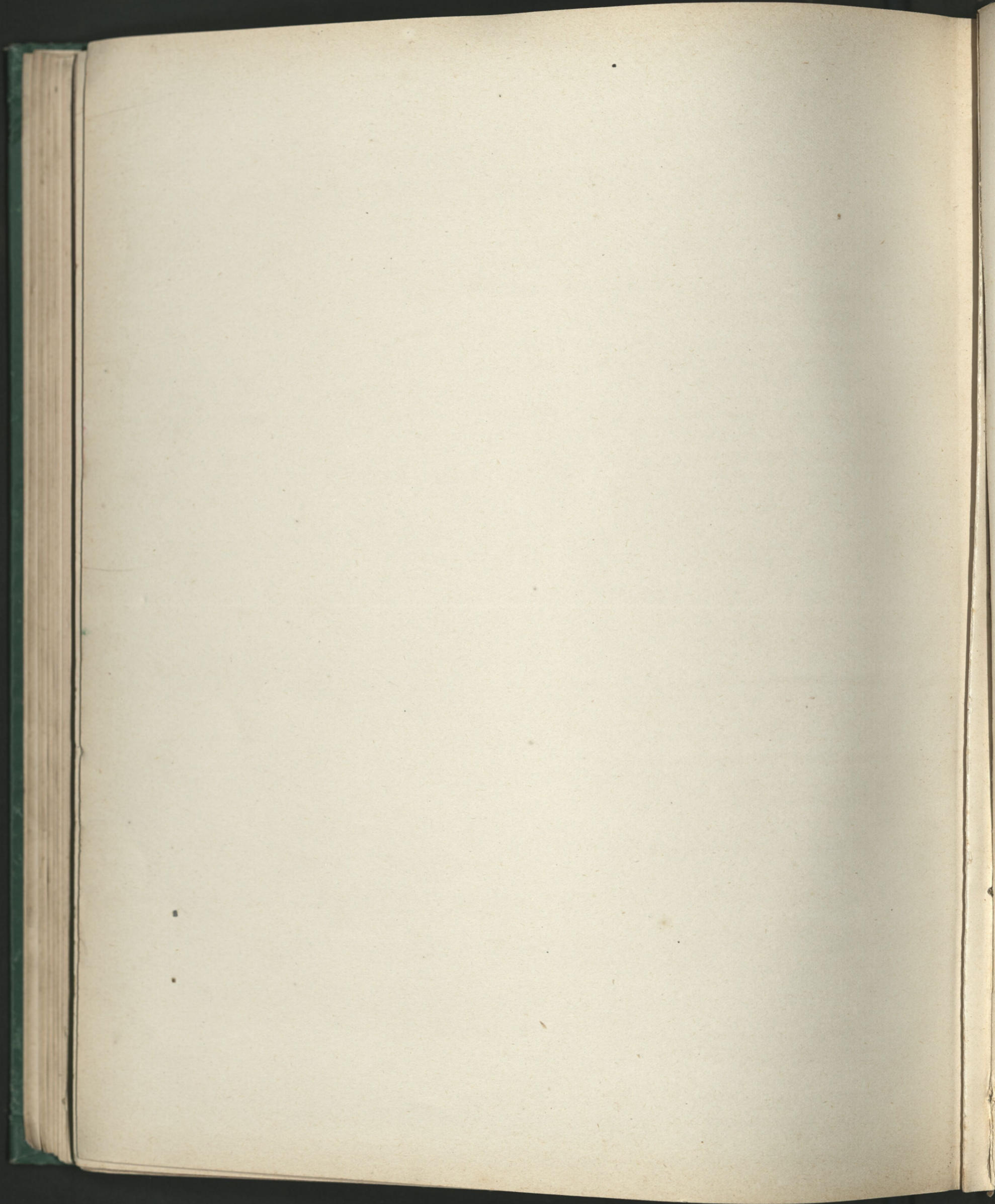


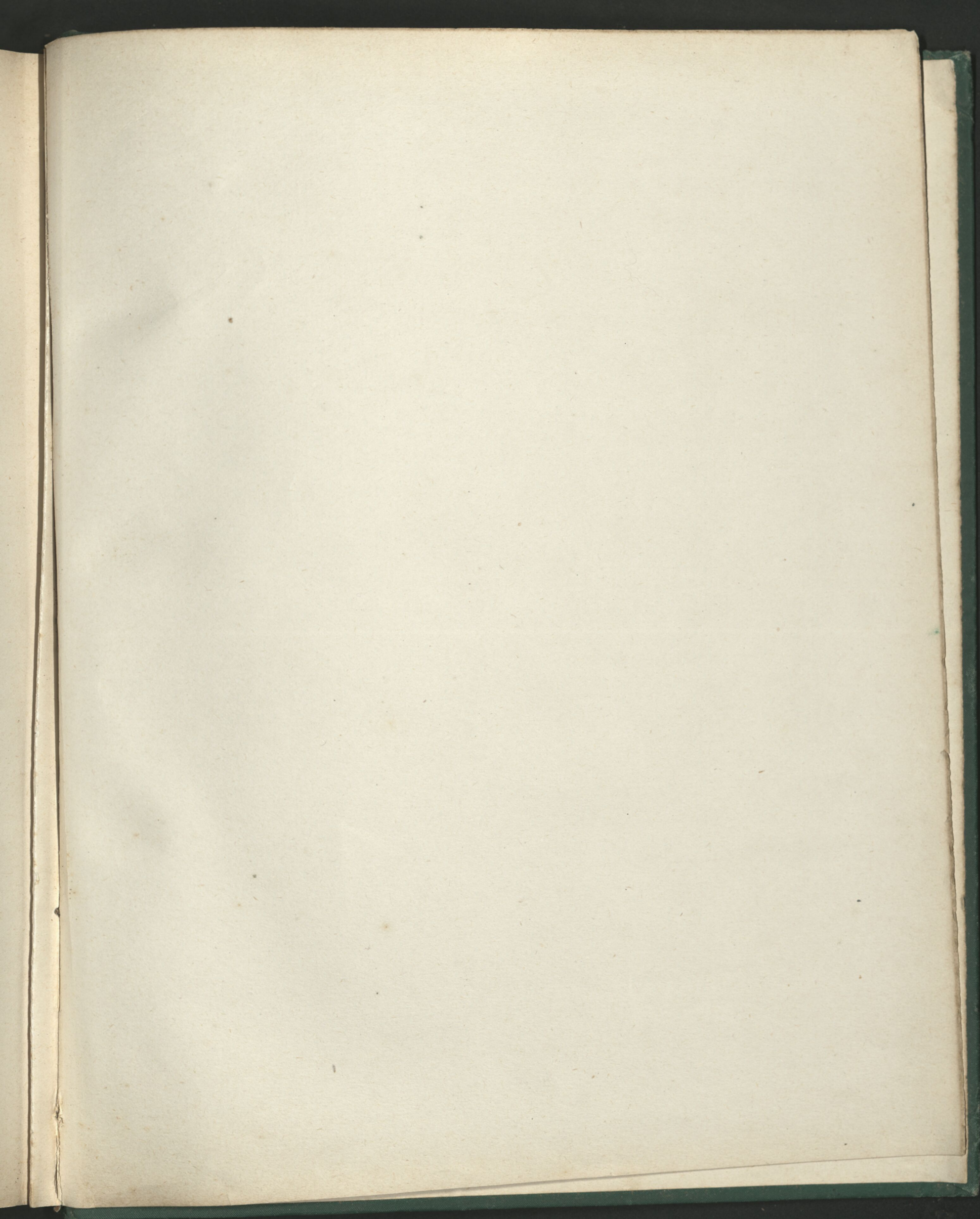


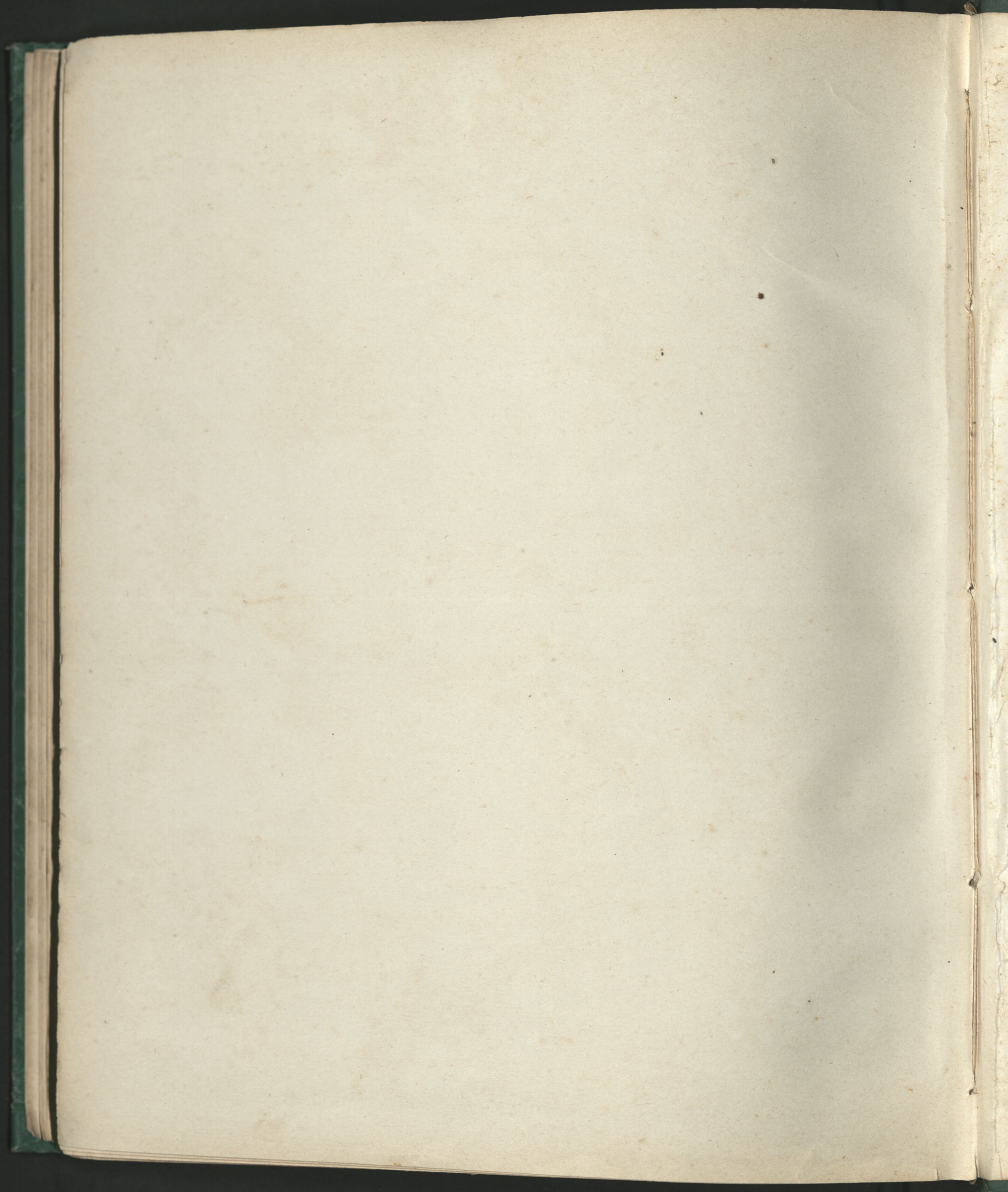


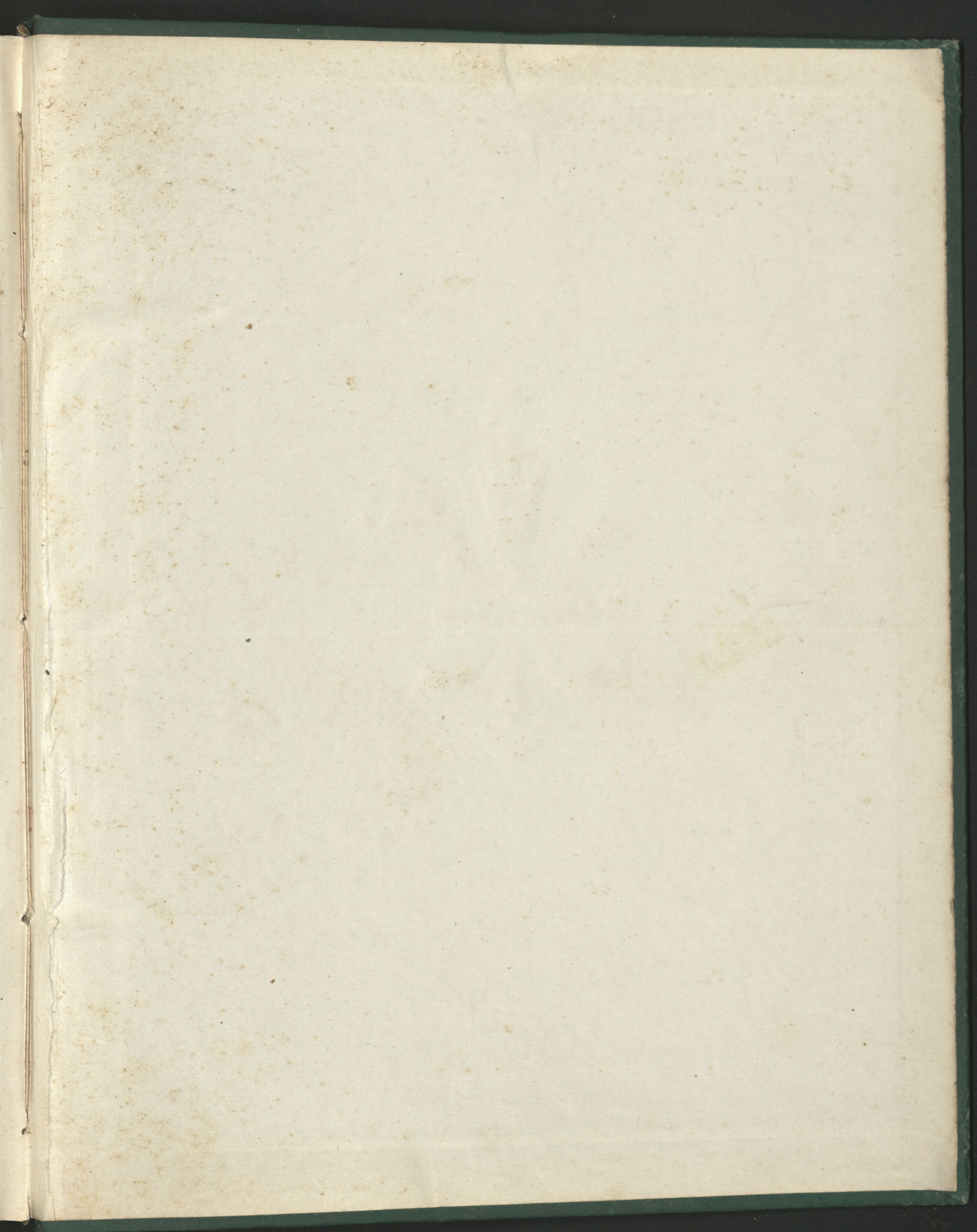














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